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Black Swan

NO. 1

COMICS

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THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

LISTEN TO THE BLACK HOOD'S OATH ON
STATION WOR-MUTUAL, EVERY DAY!

I THE BLACK HOOD,
DO SOLEMNLY
SWEAR THAT
NEITHER THREATS
NOR BRIBES NOR
BULLETS NOR
DEATH ITSELF-
SHALL KEEP ME
FROM FULFILLING
MY SACRED VOW..
TO ERASE CRIME
FROM THE FACE
OF THE EARTH!!





HIYA, DEMON
REPORTER!
WORKING
HARD?

KIP BURLAND!
YOU'VE BECOME A
POLICEMAN AGAIN

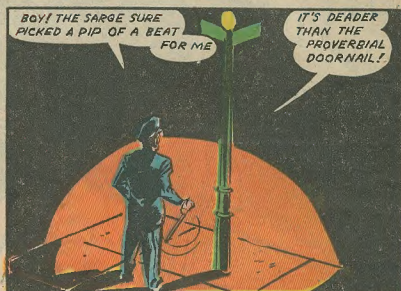


YES, BARBARA. THANKS TO
SERGEANT MCGINTY, I WAS
FINALLY RE-INSTATED HA, HA,
WOULDN'T THE SARGE BE
SURPRISED IF HE KNEW
HE'D GOTTEN THE **BLACK
HOOD ON
THE
FORCE**



WELL, SO LONG
GAL! I'M OFF TO
FIGHT CRIME -
OFFICIALLY!

GOOD LUCK,
KIP!



BOY! THE SARGE SURE
PICKED A PIP OF A BEAT
FOR ME

IT'S DEADDER
THAN THE
PROVERBIAL
DOORNAIL!



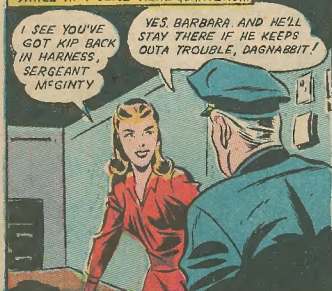
OH, OH! I
SPOKE TOO
SOON!



WHAT'S UP
LADY?

OH, THANK
HEAVENS YOU
CAME, OFFICER.
MY BUTLER'S
DEAD!

WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...





YEP, HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT. NOW I'LL ASK SOME QUESTIONS! WHO ARE YOU, LADY?

I AM MRS. MARION. THIS IS MY HOME—AND THE DEAD MAN WAS MY BUTLER



AND I AM KALIMAR, MYSTIC AND SPIRITUALIST! AT YOUR SERVICE!

WE JUST RETURNED FROM KALIMAR'S PLACE—WHERE I WAS IN COMMUNION WITH MY LATE HUSBAND

SPIRITUALISM! HOOEY!



I ASSURE YOU MY ART IS NOT "HOOEY!" AS YOU CALL IT. I SHOULD BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME YOU PLEASE!



ANYWAY, SERGEANT, I GAVE THE EVENING OFF TO MY DOMESTICS, WHILE I ATTENDED THE SEANCE!



THEN WHAT WAS YOUR BUTLER DOING IN THE HOUSE?



THAT'S OBVIOUS! HE MUST HAVE RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY!



I'VE GOT IT! THE BUTLER KNEW THERE'D BE NO ONE HERE—SO HE RETURNED TO ROB THE HOUSE!



AND MURDERED HIMSELF AFTER HE'D DONE IT, I SUPPOSE!



NONE O' YER SARCASM, BURLAND!



I'VE GOT THE FINGERPRINTS OFF THIS KNIFE SARGE!

NICE WORK MOONEY!

WE'LL CHECK 'EM AT HEAD-QUARTERS!

IN THE FINGERPRINT
DEPARTMENT AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...

I'LL HAVE THESE
FINGERPRINTS
PHOTOSTATED IN A
MINUTE, SARGE!



HERE THEY
ARE!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL
CHECK 'EM WITH THE
PRINTS WE GOT IN
OUR FILES!



NOW TO FIND
THE GUY THESE
PRINTS BELONG
TO— IF WE'VE
GOT A RECORD
OF HIM!

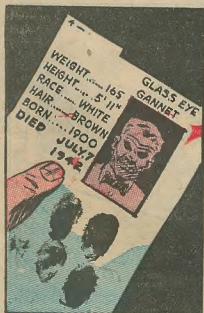


WOW! WE GOT
'IM! MCGINTY
DOES IT AGAIN!

HERE IT IS,
SARGE!



SHAKES O'
ST. PATRICK!
IT...IT CAN'T
BE!



NOW ALL YOU'VE
GOT TO DO IS DIG
HIM UP, SARGE
AND YOU'VE
GOT YOUR
MURDERER!

B...BUT
HOW
COULD A
DEAD MAN'S
PRINTS GET
ON THAT KNIFE?



OUTSIDE...
WHAT DO
YOU MAKE
OF IT KIP?

I'M JUST AS
PUZZLED AS
POOR SARGE,
BABS!



ONE THING THAT NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE ALIKE, IS FINGERPRINTS... SO HOW COULD ANYBODY ELSE HAVE GLASS EYE'S PRINTS ON THAT 'NIFE ?



GLASS EYE...
HMM... SAY RABS
DID YOU NOTICE
ANYTHING ABOUT
THAT FORTUNE
TELLER'S EYES ?



NOW THAT
YOU MENTION
IT, YES! ONE OF
HIS EYES
SEEMED TO
BE MADE OF
GLASS!

EXACTLY! THAT
MAY OR MAY NOT
MEAN ANYTHING -
BUT DO SOME-
THING FOR ME
WILL YOU, RABS?



I THINK I
KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN. YOU
WANT ME TO
GET A FINGER-
PRINT OF KALIMAR,
EH!... CONSIDER
IT DONE!

AFTER RABS LEAVES.

MEANWHILE THE
BLACK HOOD
WILL DO SOME
INVESTIGATING...



...AT THE CEMETERY
GLASS EYE'S GANG
WAS SUPPOSED TO
HAVE BURIED
HIM!



HERE'S GLASS
EYE'S GRAVE!



EMPTY !!



THE HOOD IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT.

HELLO! HOOD! ANY DEVELOPMENTS?

PLENTY, BARBARA!

DID YOU GET THOSE FINGER-PRINTS?

YOU BET! RIGHT ON THIS VANITY CASE-SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

HOOD! YOU REALLY THINK KALIMAR AND GLASS-EYE GANNET ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON?

KALIMARS FINGERPRINTS WILL ANSWER THAT QUESTION

NOW LET'S COMPARE 'EM WITH THE PRINTS OF GLASS-EYE GANNET!

DON'T GO BY ME. I WOULDN'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE THE SAME OR NOT!

WELL, I WOULD! THEY ARE! AND KALIMAR, ALIAS GLASS-EYE GANNET IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A VERY UNWELCOME CLIENT THE BLACK HOOD!

SOMEWHAT LATER, IN KALIMARS OFFICE WHERE A CUSTOMER IS BEING ENTERTAINED...

YOU REALLY THINK I CAN SPEAK WITH MY DEAD HUSBANDS SPIRIT?

HOPE THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER?

YOU SHALL SOON SEE MADAM. BUT REMEMBER! ANSWER ANY QUESTION HE ASKS-OR THE SPIRITUAL BOND WILL BE BROKEN!

THEN, THE ROOM DARKENS,
AND THE BLACKNESS IMMEDI-
ATELY IS LIGHTED UP BY AN
UNEARTHLY GLOW....



IT... IT'S
CHARLES, MY
HUSBAND!

EMMA! I HAVE
NOT MUCH
TIME. ANSWER
QUICKLY!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
WITH THE
MONEY I
LEFT YOU?



BUT BEFORE EMMA CAN ANSWER, THE
ROOM IS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED INTO
DARKNESS...

WH... WHAT
HAPPENED,
KALIMAR?

I DON'T KNOW!
..... PERHAPS
SOME INTERFER-
ENCE FROM THE
ASTRAL WORLD!

NO, KALIMAR!
IT'S INTER-
FERENCE FROM THE
BLACK HOOD



WH...
WHAT?!

I KNOW YOU, GANNET
IN SPITE OF THAT NICE
PLASTIC JOB YOU HAD
DONE ON YOUR
FACE!



I ALSO KNOW YOUR RACKET-GET-
TING THE SUCKERS TO TELL WHERE
THEY KEEP THEIR VALUABLES-THEN
ROBBING THEM! YOU ROBBED
MRS. MARION AND KILLED HER
BUTLER!



ALL RIGHT, BLAST
YOU! YOU'RE ONTO
ME, BUT YOU WON'T
GET ME!



THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR
REFRAIN, GANNET. BUT
YOU'LL BE SINGING A
DIFFERENT TUNE...



...BEFORE I'M
THROUGH
WITH YOU!





NOW I'LL TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS- IN BLUE UNIFORMS!



...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ASLEEP WHEN THEY GET HERE!



HIYA, MCGINTY I WAS EXPECT- ING YOU!



STOP, HOOD- OR I'LL SHOOT!



DAGNABIT, BARBARA! YOU SPOILED MY AIM!

DON'T MCGINTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S ON OUR SIDE!



THE HECK HE IS! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS PHONY FORTUNE TELLER, DAGNABIT! THEY MUSTA HAD A FIGHT ABOUT SPLITTIN' THE SWAG!



NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS... CONGRATULATIONS SARGE! I SEE MCGINTY DID IT AGAIN!

YEP! AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN A CLEAN JOB IF I'D NABBED THE BLACK HOOD, KIP!



KIP! WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER THE HOOD! IT'LL MEAN A PROMOTION IF YE CATCH HIM!



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT CATCHING HIM, SARGE! BUT I PROMISE I'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES!

THE PERFECT INCINERATOR

SOME people called Hotchkiss Flubb a dope, but he wasn't. Some called him a jerk. He wasn't a jerk, either. He was a goon. But first-class. Yes, indeed. He was a gadgeteer. That proves it.

Anyhow, the whole thing started because the landlady picked a Saturday morning to burn the garbage. Hotchkiss liked to sleep late Saturday morning, thus saving the price of breakfast and lunch, both.

The incinerator, an inefficient contraption as old as the house, was located directly beneath our hero's window, and on this particular morning it was a particularly vile mess of garbage the landlady had elected to burn.

Flubb gagged, awakened, and rushed to the window—to stick his head out right into a particularly nauseous little cloud of the stuff.

When he came to, he was filled with a firm desire to bash someone on the head with a blunt instrument. Fortunately, this atavistic intention soon gave way to something more constructive. Not only constructive, but gadgety. He would invent a way to abolish smoke from incinerators for all time!

Flubb stomped around his room for several minutes, thinking of how nice it would be not to have any vile, stinking smoke to bother him any more. Then his foot became entangled with a dangling electric cord, and his precious electric toaster smashed to the

floor and subsided after a couple of piteous clinks.

Our hero was grief-stricken. It was a most expensive toaster, and he had spent long hours adding refinements of his own.

But Hotchkiss Flubb was made of stern stuff. In a few minutes he had the wreck pounded back into a rough approximation of its former glory. Then a peculiar thing happened.

He decided to test it. Besides, he was hungry. So he slapped in a couple of slices of bread and waited.

And waited.

After twenty minutes, even the enormous patience of a gadgeteer will give out. He opened the toaster. Tsk! Not a trace of red glowed in the coils. Hmmm—no toast either. No bread, no crumbs, no smell. Nothing.

The mind of the gadgeteer began to wonder, and he thrust some more bread in among the awry coils. Click! On went the toaster. Click! Off again. The result was the same as before—the bread was gone. He tried again. And again, until the whole loaf had disappeared.

Click! No, it wasn't the toaster; Hotchkiss Flubb had spawned another idea. Here was the solution to his problem!

"Aha!" said Flubb, addressing a pale green, bookend elephant with a broken trunk. "Aha! Double Eureka with marshmallow on top! Here,

most certainly, is a smokeless, fireless, ashless incinerator."

However, Flubb was not all dreamer. He sweated all day in junkyards extracting the things he would need from the little greasy mountains. Miraculously, he managed to sneak his cumbersome, clanking booty up to his room without being caught by the landlady.

It was past midnight when he straightened up with a creak from his labors. Before him stood a rusty, crummy, but amazingly accurate and considerably larger replica of the battered toaster.

He tip-toed down the back way, and returned bearing the offending garbage can. He dumped the contents into the big machine and plugged in the cord. Nothing happened. He pulled out the cord and looked in. A pair of immaculate tin cans greeted his sight. Well, that didn't matter. The important thing was that the garbage was completely gone.

And early Monday morning, Hotchkiss Flubb sat in the outer waiting room of the offices of J. Appleby van Spronk. While he was cooling his heels with most ungadgeteer-like impatience, a couple of individuals in a faraway (yet oh-so-near!) location, were discussing a matter of extreme importance.

The people of Gnertwfb shared the small planet of Glop with the neighboring nation of Mnoriglp. Just at the moment, Gori and Gulk of Gnertwfb were very much con-

cerned over some mighty queer happenings.

Their nation was being attacked for no apparent reason. A missile fifteen feet square had come out of thin air.

A report from their ambassador in Mnorlglp, inquiring if Gnertfwb were starting hostilities, completely upset the theory that Mnorlglp had made a treacherous attack on Gnertfwb. Both attacks were made with the same type projectile, and, stranger still, both had failed to explode.

Rumors began circulating that these objects were ships from an unexplored part of the planet, crammed full of horrible creatures who had designs on both countries. This did not ease the tension appreciably.

And so these two, last holders of public confidence, met to decide on a plan of action. Even as the meeting was held, strange, alien-shaped objects were appearing all over the city from nowhere, and worse than the first ones, they stank abominably.

"It must be the Mnorlglpians," said Gork, "who else is there to attack us?"

"Yes, they are the only other nation on the planet," admitted Gulk, "but how in Glop could they slide fifteen foot projectiles at us without us seeing them?"

"Well," said Gork, "I don't know how they do it, but we've got to do something back. It's WAR! Gulk. We—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly Gnertfwbian, name of Blarg, the nation's chief scientist. "Cheerio,

chums," he greeted, "the mystery is solved."

"Gentlemen," continued Blarg, "the nation that is hurling these monstrous projectiles at us, is not of this world, nor of this universe. The invader is hurling his bombs from the third dimension to us of the second, by means of some tremendous electrical machine. And gentlemen . . ." here his voice sank to a harsh whisper, "these bombs are not explosives, or incendiaries, or gas. They are nothing more nor less than huge gobs of rotten garbage!"

"What?" gasped Gulk. "Garbage! Mighty Glop, our beautiful planet—used as a dump! This cannot be tolerated!"

"And it shall not," said Blarg, quietly. "I have perfected a machine that generates a repelling field, and which will cause their machine to reverse its action. And I shall put it into action within the hour! We shall not only be free of future bombardment, but will get rid of all the garbage already here!"

After waiting the whole forenoon, Hotchkiss Flubb had finally attained first place in the line waiting in the inner waiting room, only helplessly to observe J. Appleby van Spronk brush past on his way to lunch.

When van Spronk returned an hour and forty minutes later, he motioned Flubb into the office with him.

His heart beating wildly, our hero rose and tenderly carried his gadget over to the Great Man's desk, where he unwrapped it.

Van Spronk wrinkled his nose at the now empty garbage sack, and scowled at the machine. "What's this?" he barked.

"An insiss-siss-cinerator," stuttered Flubb. "You see, sir," he hurried on, regaining his composure, "my machine is the perfect incinerator. You just put garbage in here, turn this switch, and it's gone. No smoke, no ashes, no nothing."

"Hmmp!" snorted van Spronk. "Another crackpot inventor! Take that fool machine and that stinking garbage, and get out of here!"

"But sir," Flubb insisted desperately, "it really works. It'll only take a minute to show you. Look." He reached into the sack and pulled out a moldy head of cabbage.

J. Appleby van Spronk held his nose.

Flubb popped the cabbage into the machine and flipped the switch.

A certain party, name of Blarg, also flipped a switch.

Van Spronk's terrified secretary tried to climb into the filing cabinet between "Frozen Assets" and "Fumble & Co.," as the head of Hotchkiss Flubb poked itself out of the immense mound of smelly garbage that suddenly occupied the office.

The head, half a grapefruit skin cocked rakishly over one eye, looked around bewilderedly. From somewhere in the interior of the pile, came a muffled bellow. Directly in front of him, Flubb spied the door.

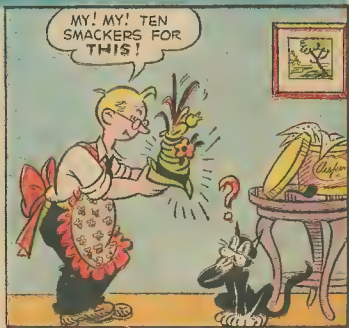
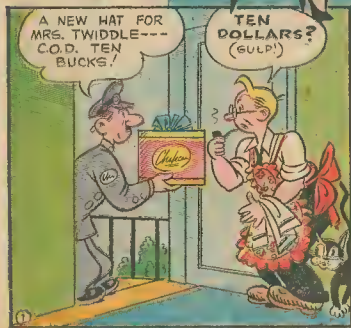
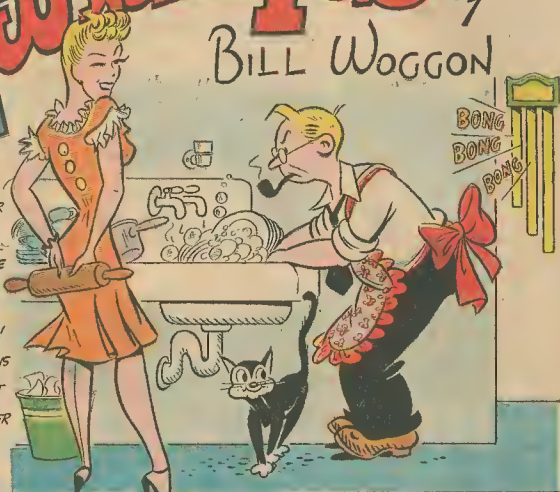
He used it.

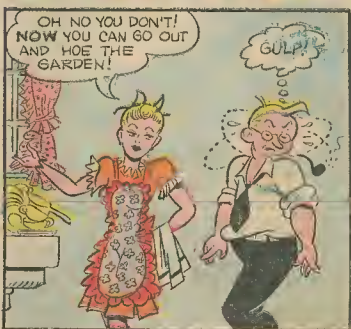
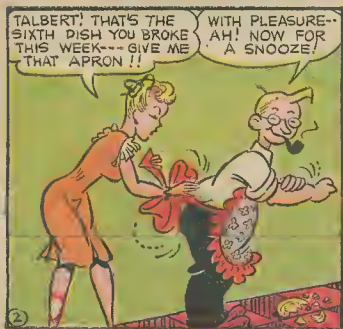
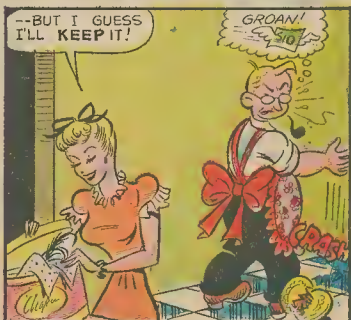
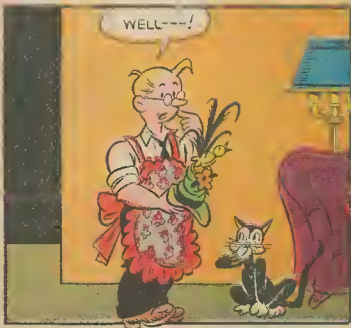
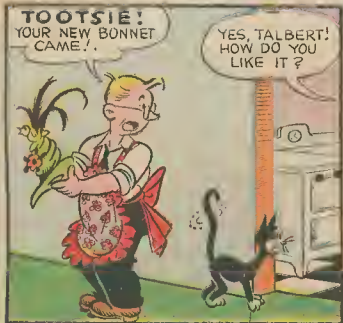
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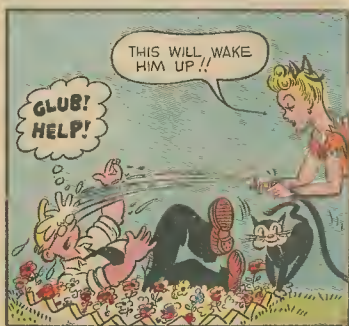
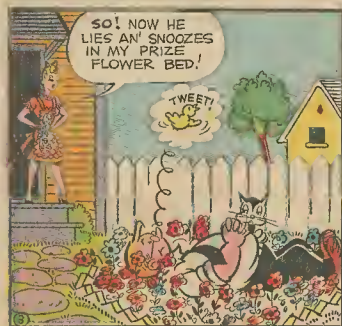
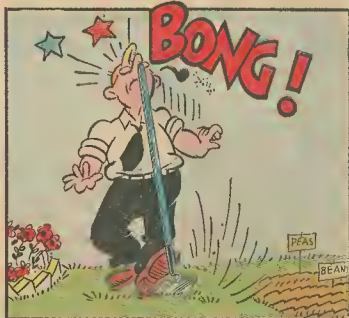
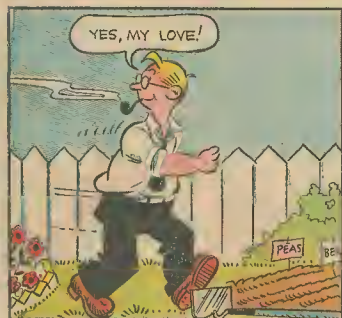
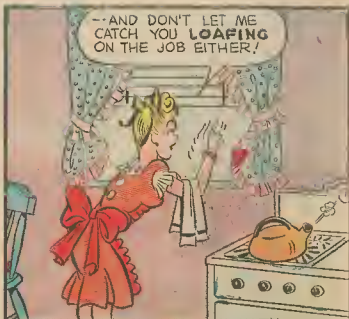
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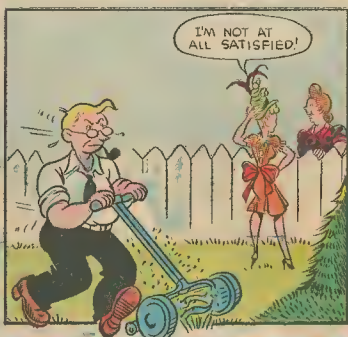
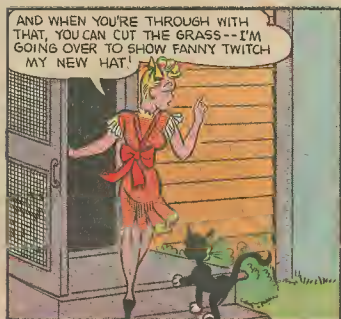
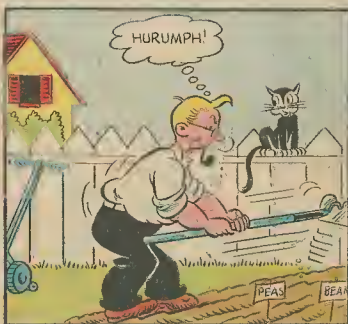
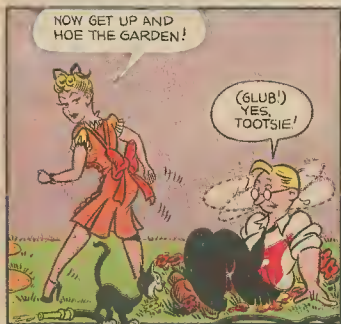
FOLKS, MEET YOUR
NEIGHBORS AND
MINE, THE
TWIDDLES---
TALBERT TWIDDLE
IS THE MAN OF
THE HOUSE (SO
HE SAYS), BUT
TOOTSIE, HIS
WIFE, IS THE BOSS!

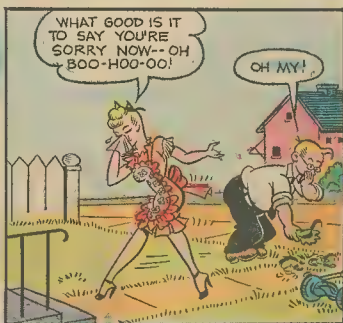
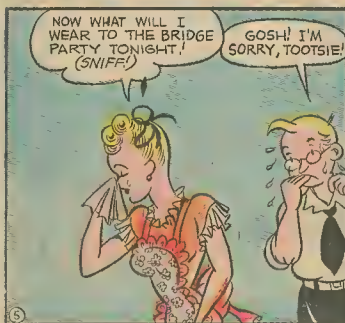
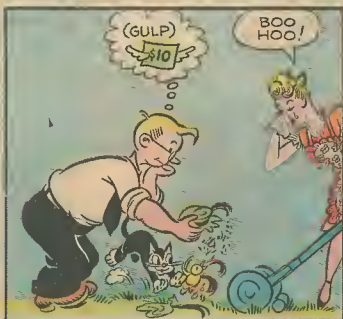
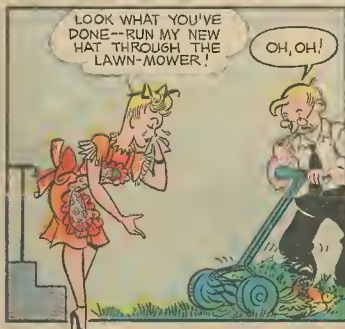
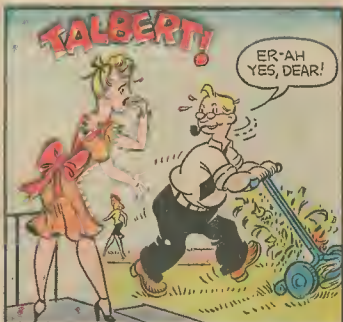
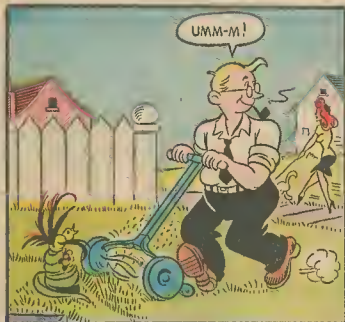
AS THE SCENE OPENS
THE DOOR CHIMES
RING AND TALBERT
AND **TOMMY**, THE
HOUSE PET, ANSWER
IT.

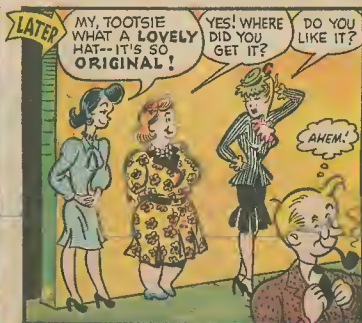
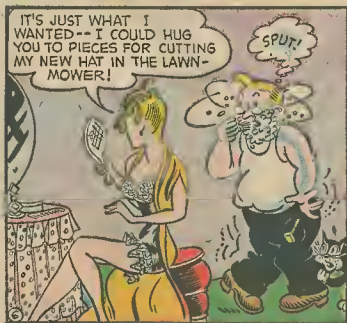
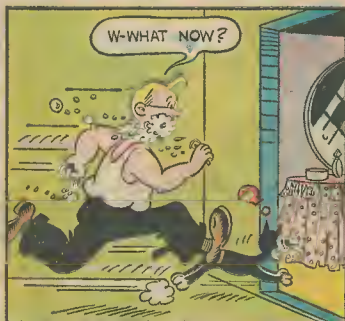
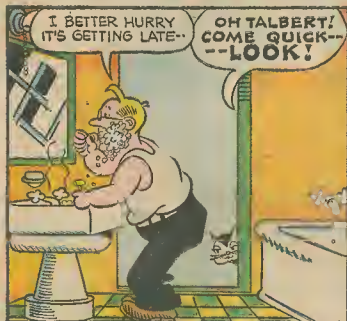
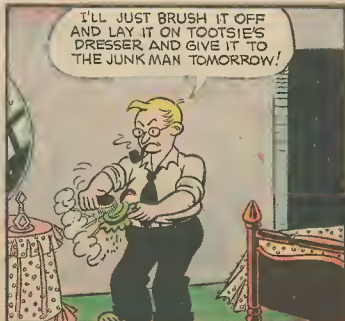
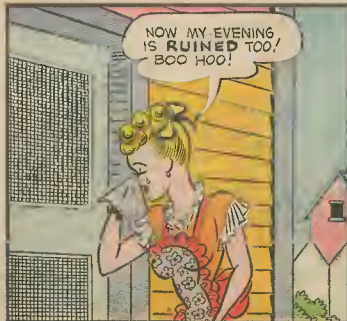








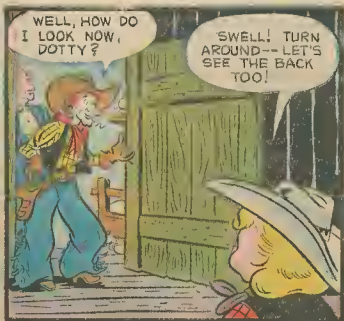
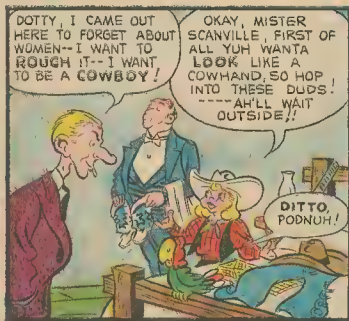


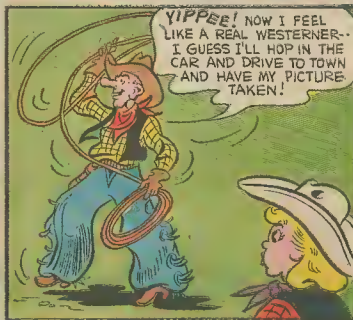
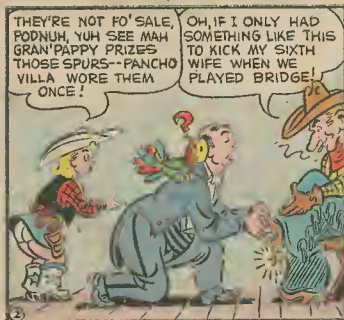
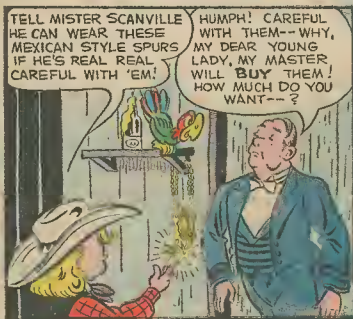
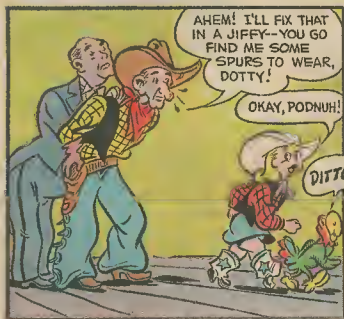
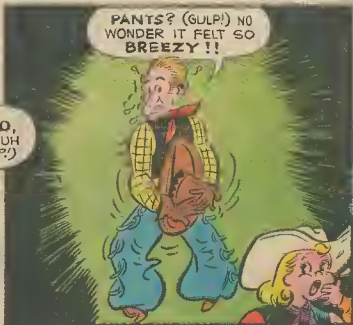
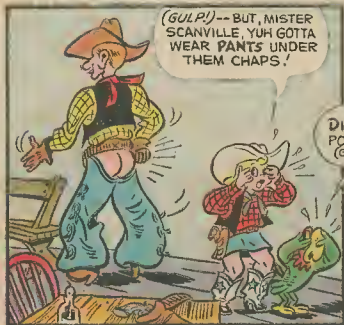


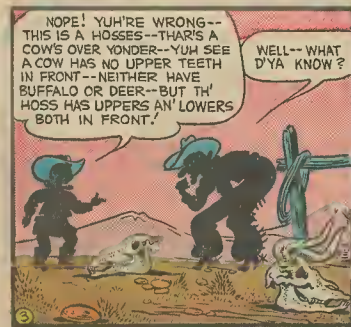
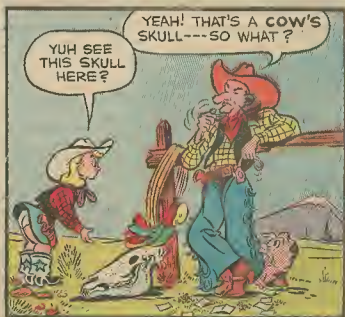
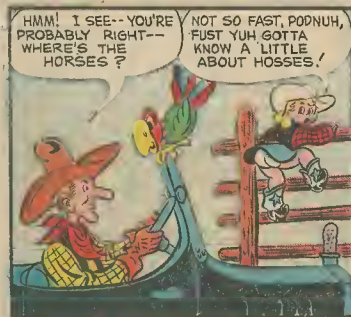
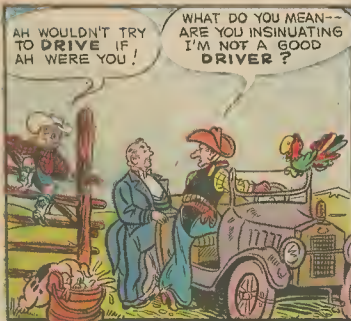
DOTTY AND DITTO

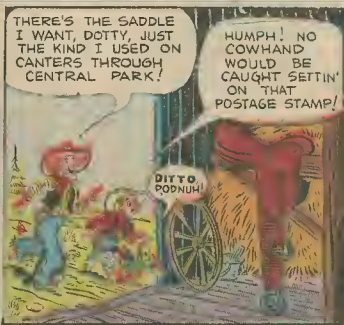
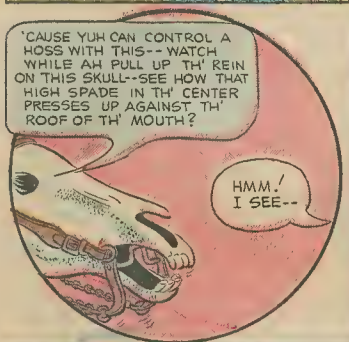
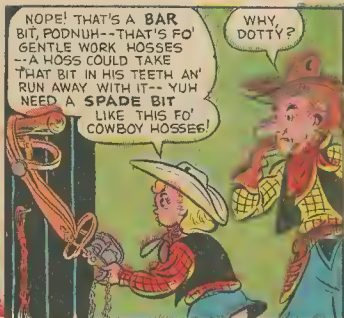
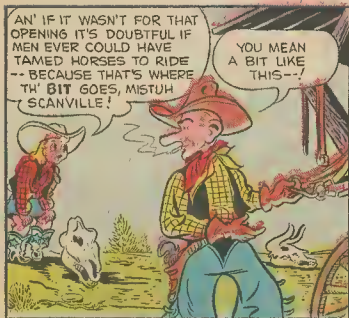
by
Bill Woggon

DOTTY IS ENTERTAINING TOMMY SCANVILLE, HEIR TO THE SCANVILLE ASBESTOS MILLIONS, WHO KNOWS ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT WOMEN BUT LITTLE ABOUT COWBOYS--HE THINKS A SADDLE HORN IS SOMETHING TO BLOW AND AN INDIAN RESERVATION IS A LAYAWAY!!



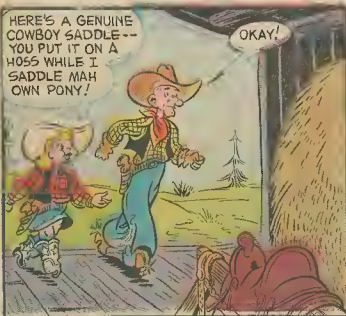






HERE'S A GENUINE
COWBOY SADDLE---
YOU PUT IT ON A
HOSS WHILE I
SADDLE MAH
OWN PONY!

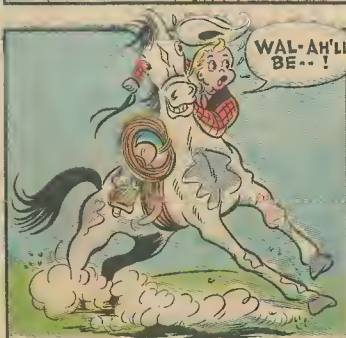
OKAY!



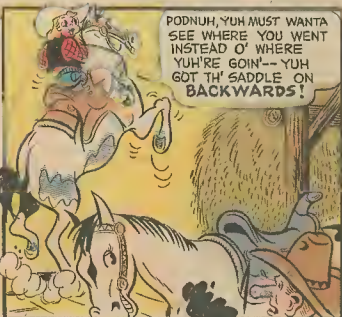
C'MON, DITTO, HELP
ME TIGHTEN THIS CINCH
STRAP--MISTUH SCANVILLE
IS PROB'LY RARIN' TO
GET GOIN'!



WAL-AH'LL
BE--!



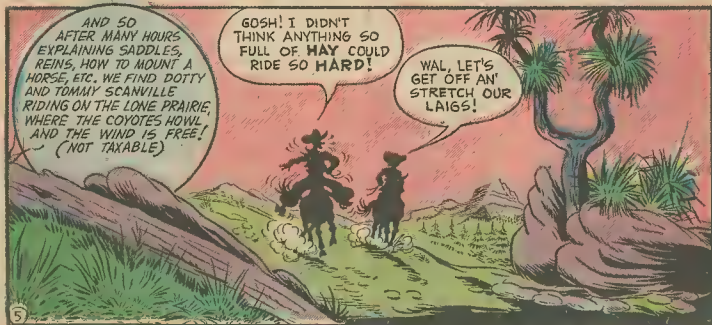
PODNUH, YUH MUST WANTA
SEE WHERE YOU WENT
INSTEAD O' WHERE
YUH'RE GOIN'-- YUH
GOT TH' SADDLE ON
BACKWARDS!

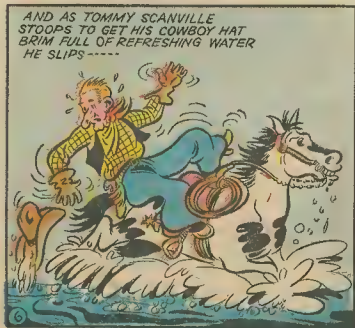
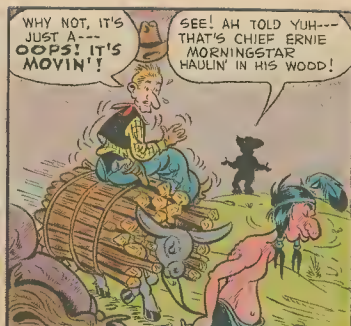
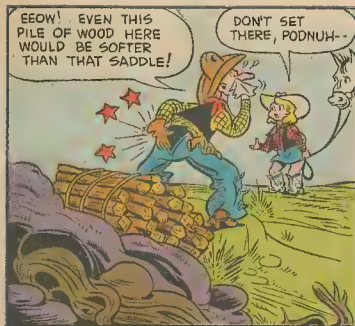


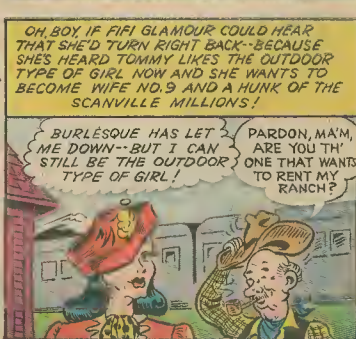
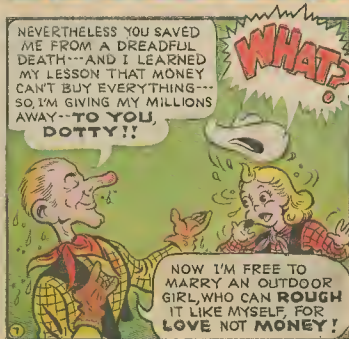
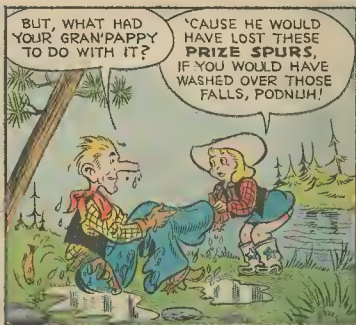
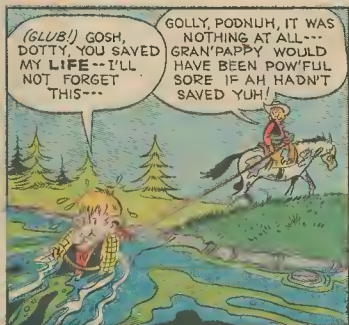
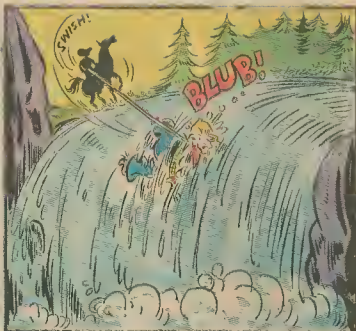
AND SO
AFTER MANY HOURS
EXPLAINING SADDLES,
REINS, HOW TO MOUNT A
HORSE, ETC. WE FIND DOTTY
AND TOMMY SCANVILLE
RIDING ON THE LONE PRAIRIE,
WHERE THE COYOTES HOWL
AND THE WIND IS FREE!
(NOT TAXABLE)

GOSH! I DIDN'T
THINK ANYTHING SO
FULL OF HAY COULD
RIDE SO HARD!

WAL, LET'S
GET OFF AN'
STRETCH OUR
LAIGS!

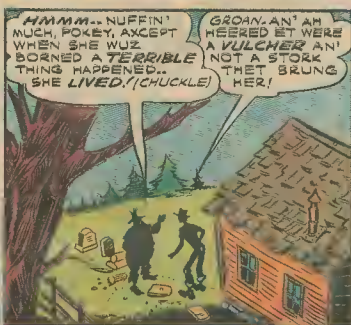
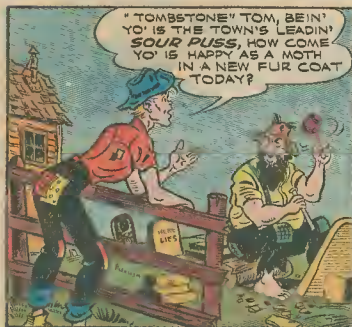


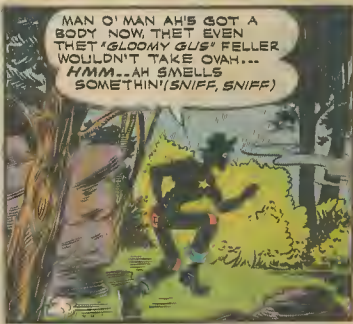
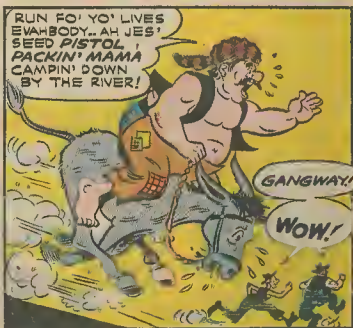
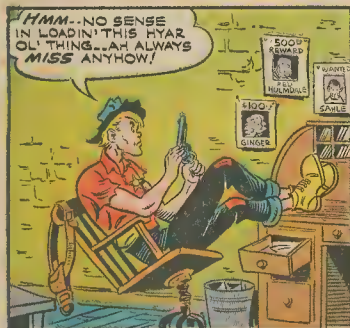
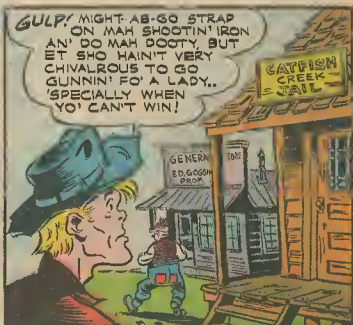


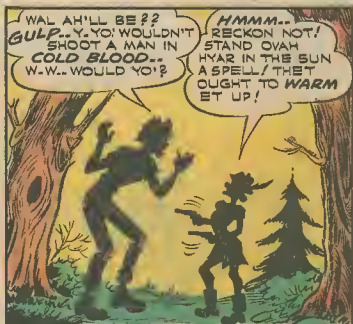
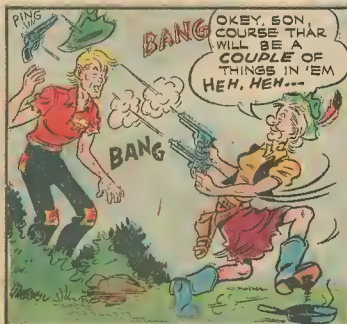
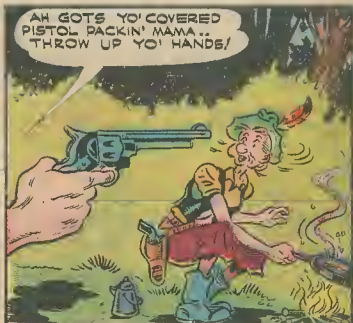
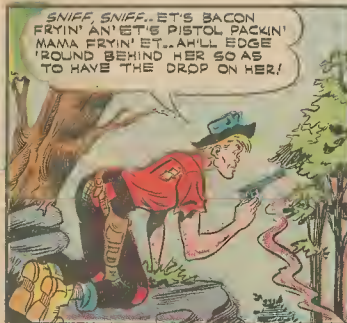


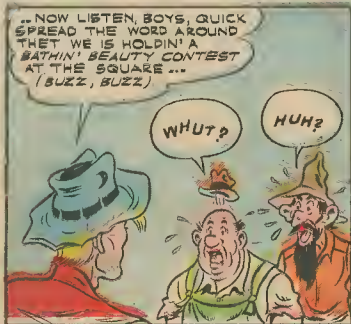
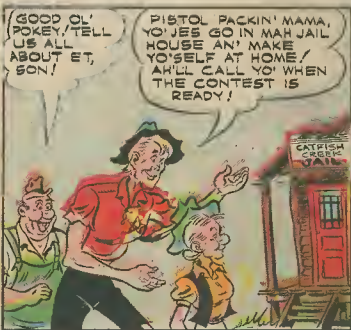
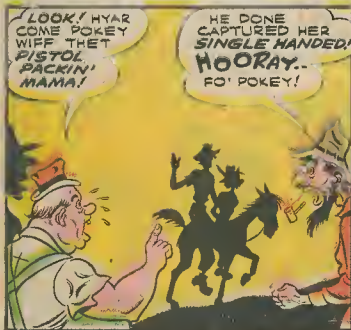
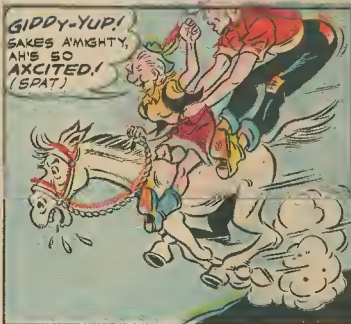
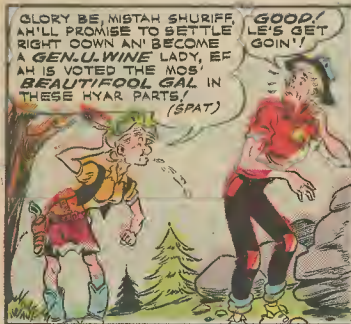
POKEY

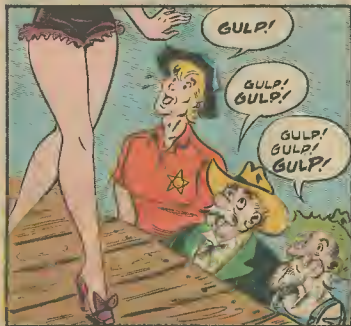
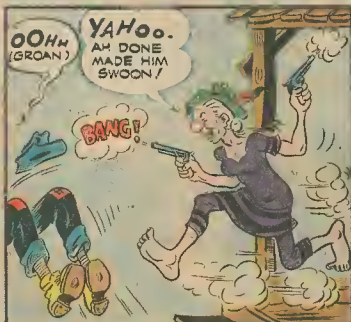
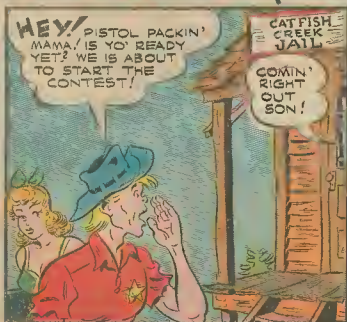
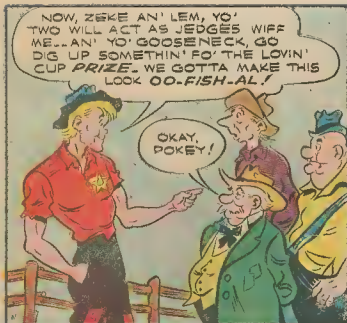
64 Don Deary.

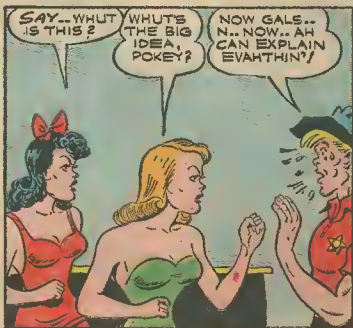
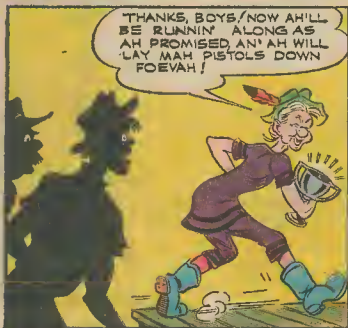












AS FOR PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA, SHE RETIRED TO THE HILLS TO SPEND HER REMAINING DAYS CHERISHING HER LOVING CUP...



GLOOMY GUS

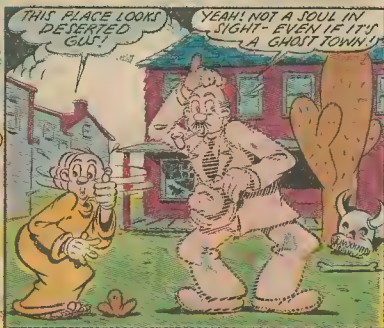
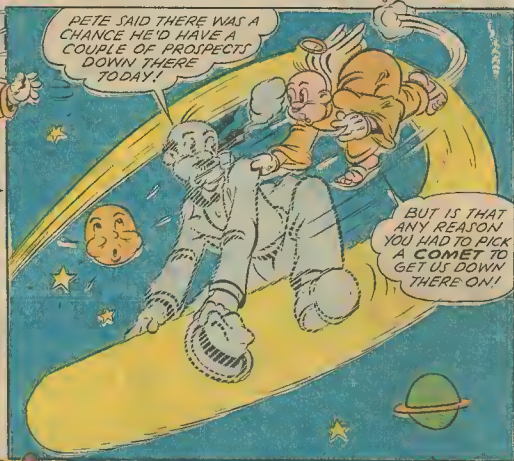
THE HOMELESS GHOST

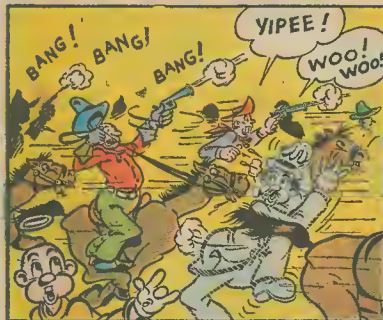
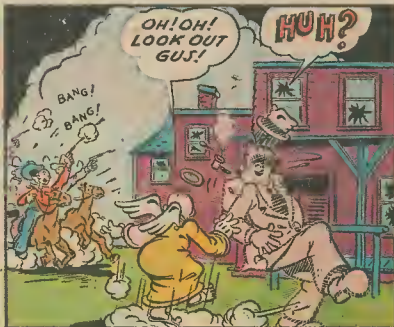
AND HIS ANGELIC SIDEKICK GABBY

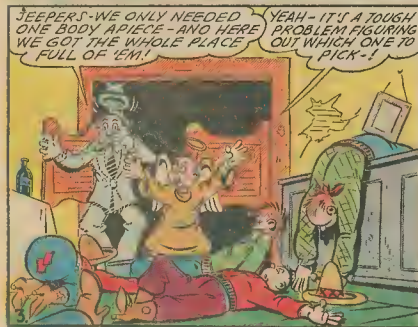
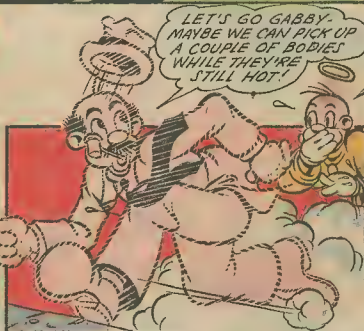
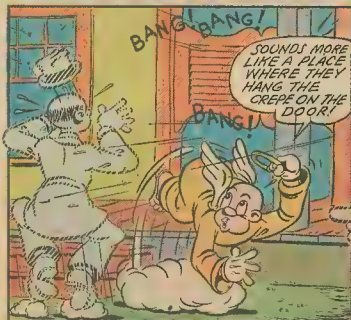
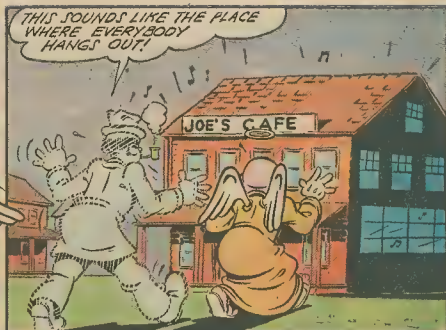
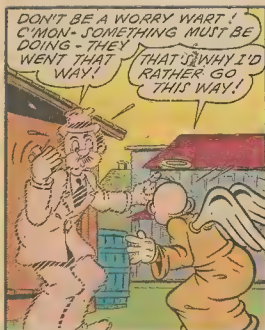
by
"RED"
HOLMIDALE



POOR GLOOMY GUS--
HE'S QUITE A GUY--
HE GOT HIT BY A TRUCK
BUT DIDN'T DIE!
HE BECAME A GHOST
WITHOUT A HOME!
FOR AS HEAVEN WOULDN'T
TAKE HIM, HE HAD TO
ROAM
IN SEARCH OF A BODY
THAT'S STRONG AND
ROOMY
UNTIL HE FINDS ONE
GUS WILL BE GLOOMY.





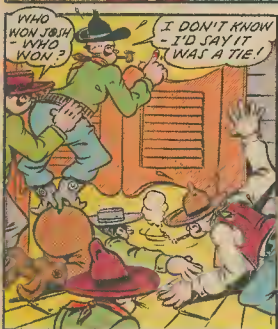


AND AS OUR HEROES GO ABOUT IN THEIR TASK, OUTSIDE WE SEE...

YOU KNOW, DEACON, IT WAS A GOOD IDEA HAVING ALL THE CANDIDATES FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE SHOOT IT OUT - NOW WE'LL BE SURE TO HAVE THE SHARpest SHOOTINGEST SHERIFF IN THESE PARTS TO PROTECT US FROM DEAD EYE JOE, THE BANDIT!

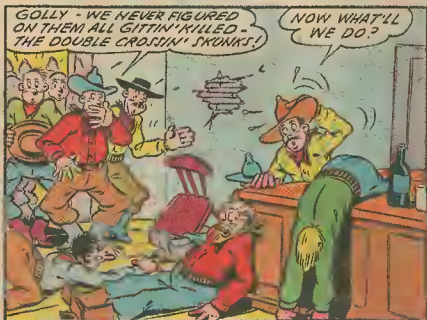


IT SOUNDS LIKE ALL THE SHOOTING'S OVER NOW FOLKS - SO C'MON, LET'S GO IN AND SEE WHO OUR NEW SHERIFF IS!



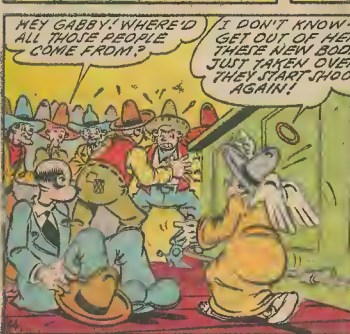
WHO WON JOE - WHO WON?

I DON'T KNOW - I'D SAY IT WAS A TIE!



GOLLY - WE NEVER FIGURED ON THEM ALL GITTING KILLED - THE DOUBLE CROSSIN' SKUNKS!

NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?



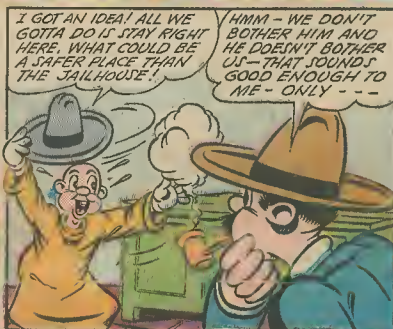
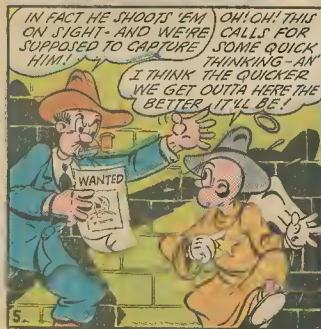
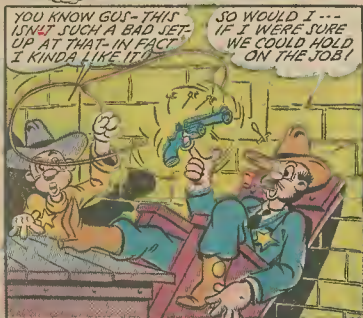
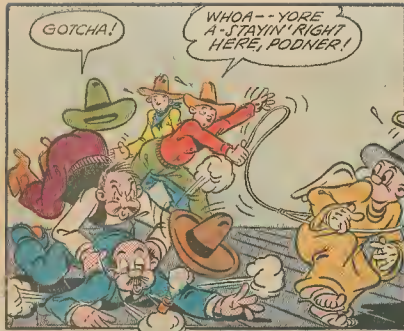
HEY GABBY! WHERE'D ALL THOSE PEOPLE COME FROM?

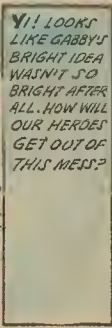
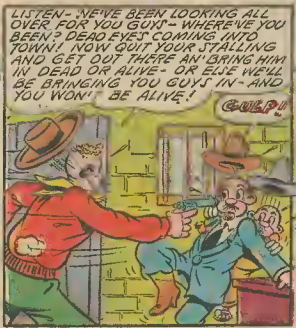
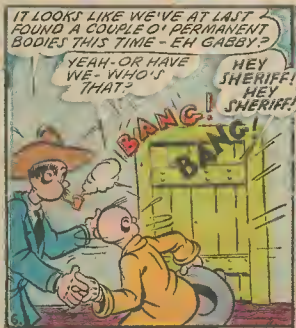
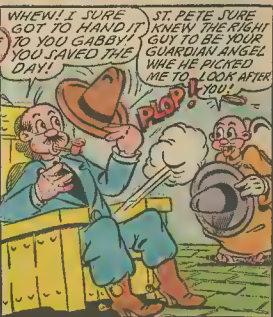
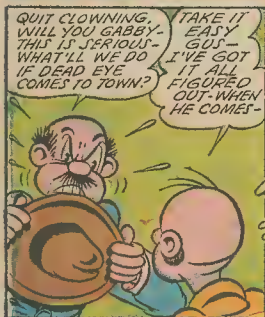
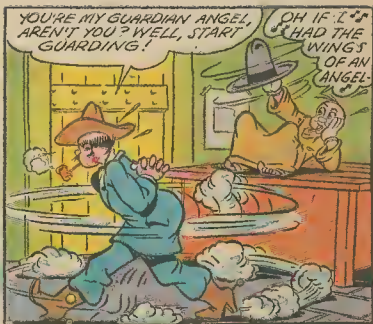
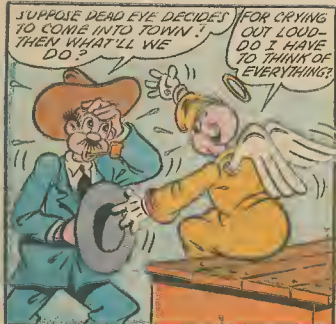
I DON'T KNOW - BUT LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WITH THESE NEW BODIES WE'VE JUST TAKEN OVER BEFORE THEY START SHOOTING AGAIN!



HEY, OVER THERE - LOOK TWO GUYS!

STOP 'EM MEN! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!



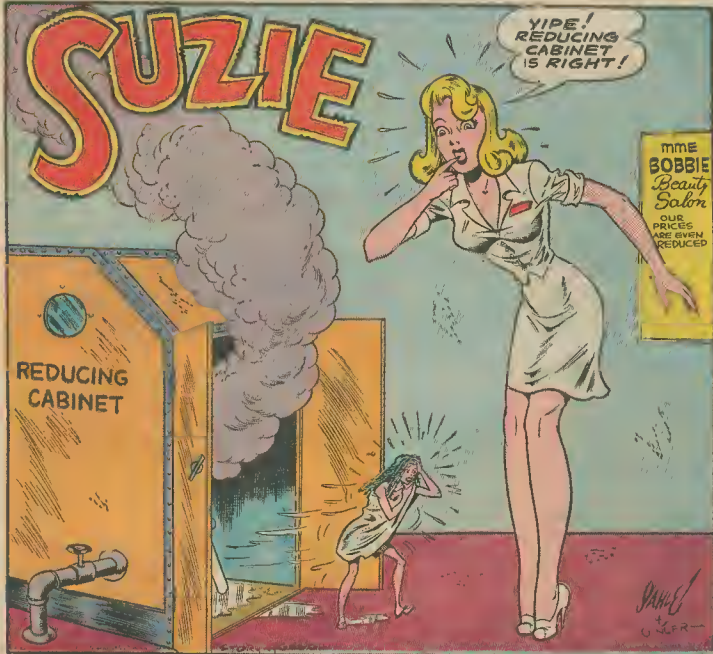


SUZIE

YIPE!
REDUCING
CABINET
IS RIGHT!

MME
BOBBIE
Beauty Salon
OUR
PRICES
ARE EVEN
REDUCED

REDUCING
CABINET



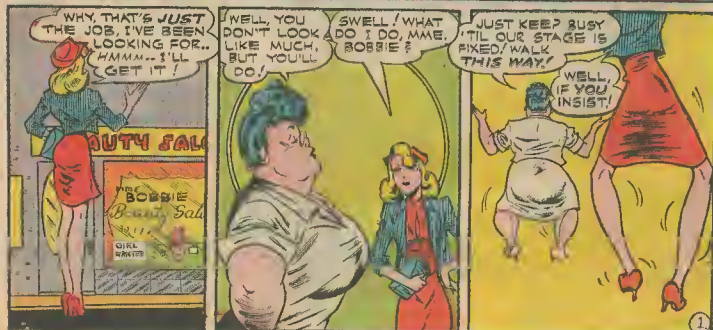
WHY, THAT'S JUST
THE JOB, I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR..
HMMM... I'LL
GET IT!

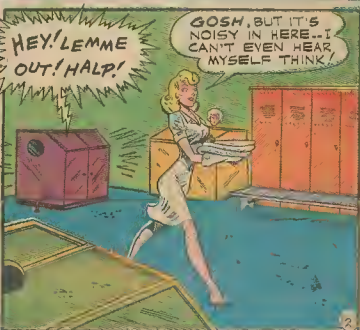
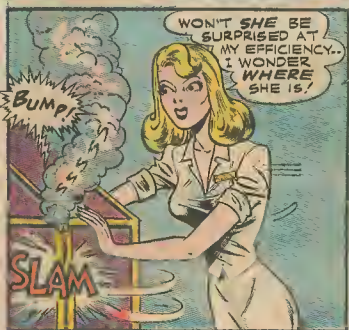
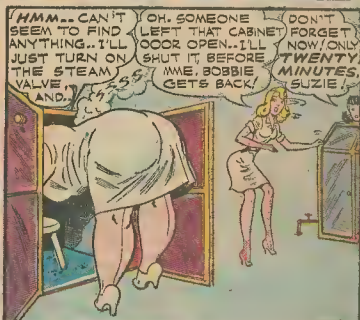
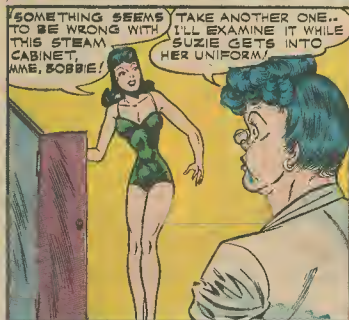
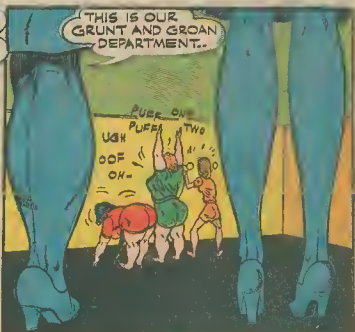
I WELL, YOU
DON'T LOOK
LIKE MUCH,
BUT YOU'LL
DO!

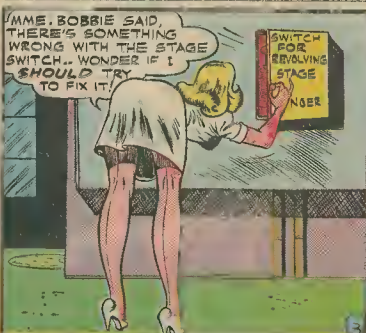
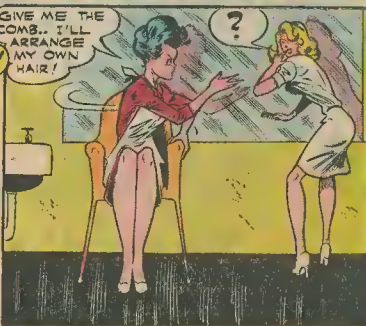
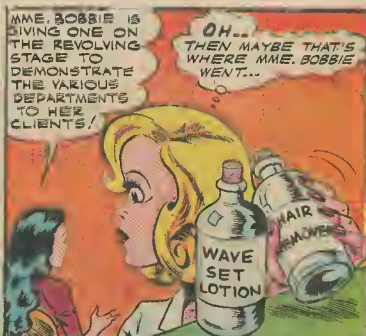
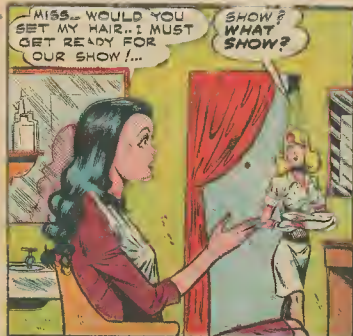
SWELL! WHAT
DO I DO, MME.
BOBBIE?

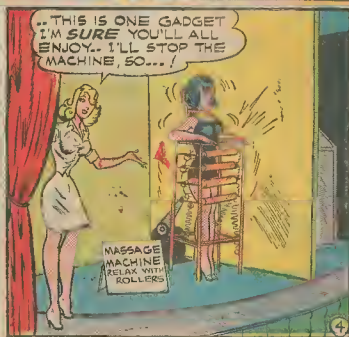
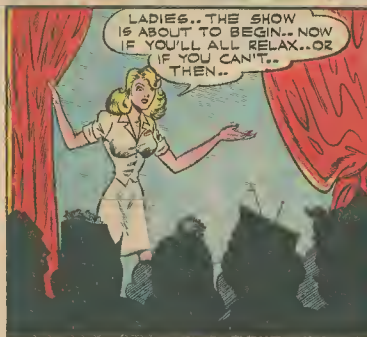
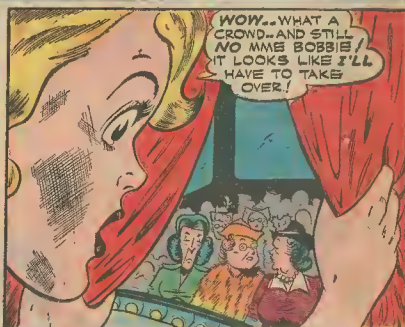
JUST KEEP BUSY
'TIL OUR STAGE IS
FIXED! WALK
THIS WAY!

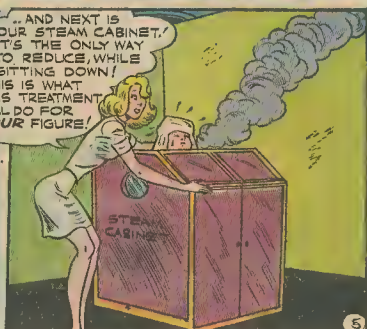
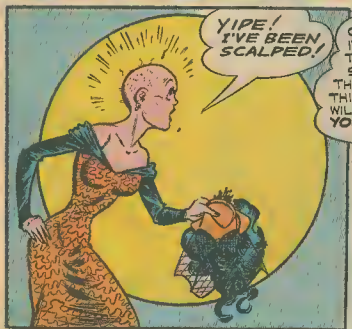
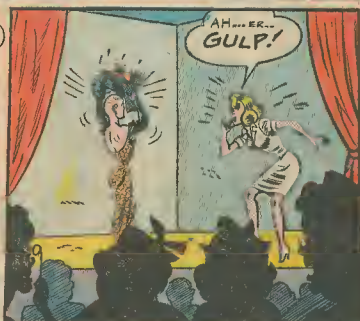
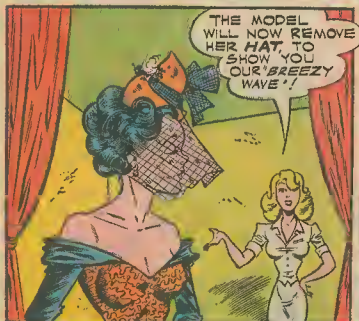
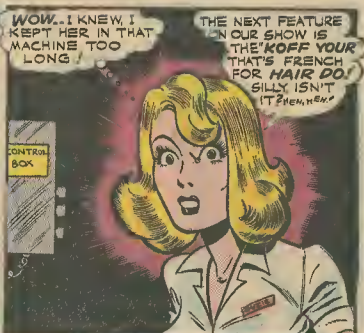
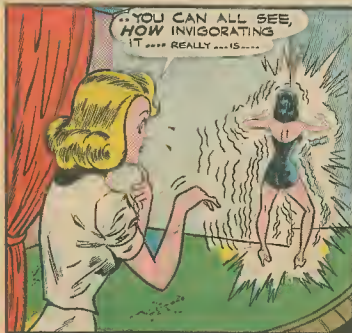
WELL,
IF YOU
INSIST!

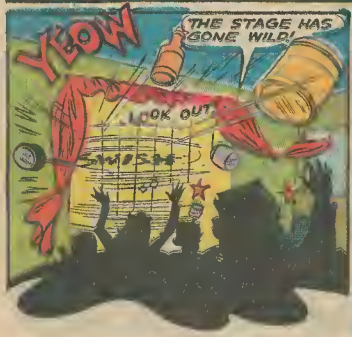
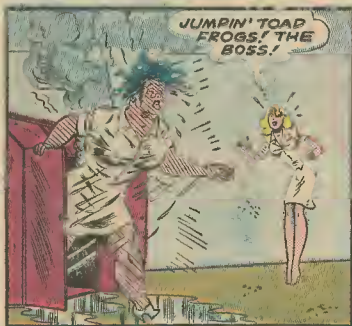
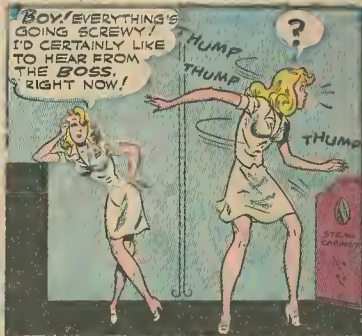
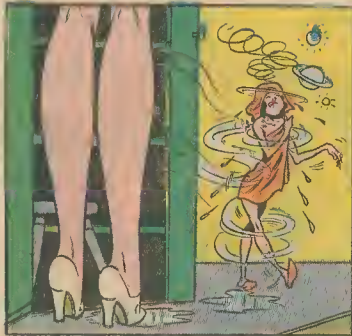












STUPIDMAN

and the 3 MONKEY-TEERS

BY ED GOGGIN

OH, STUPIDMAN,
THANK HEAVENS
YOU HAVE COME
IN TIME TO SAVE
ME!

YES! NO ONE
CAN HARM
STUPIDMAN
WHILE
STUPIDMAN
IS ABOUT!

TAKE THAT--
YOU BEAST!

OKAY,
I
WILL!

DREAMS ARE
STRANGE THINGS!
BUT LITTLE DO THE
3 MONKEY-TEERS
KNOW THAT THEIR
DREAM ABOUT THE
GREAT STUPIDMAN
IS ONLY THE
BEGINNING!



IT ALL BEGINS WHEN WILMA THE WITCH
IS OUT FOR A STROLL...

AH, THE
MONKEYTEERS!
MAYBE I'LL
GET A CUP
OF ---TEA!

HI THERE!



I SEE BY YOUR
WASH LINE THAT
THERE'S A NEW
BABY!

OH, NO,
MISS
WILMA!

THOSE
BELONG
TO
STUPIDMAN!



HA HA HA
THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
IMAGINE STUPIDMAN
WEARING DIAPERS!



BUT IT'S
TRUE! THE
GOOLY HIT
HIM WITH
TIME DUST
AND MADE
HIM INTO A
BABY!

WHAT'S AT?
GOOLY? TIME
DUST? --
STUPIDMAN
A BABY?



HERE HE
IS, MISS
WILMA!

GOOD LORD,
IT IS STUPIDMAN!
HE'S A MERE
INFANT!



OOOOH!
GOO GOO
GOG!

BURP!

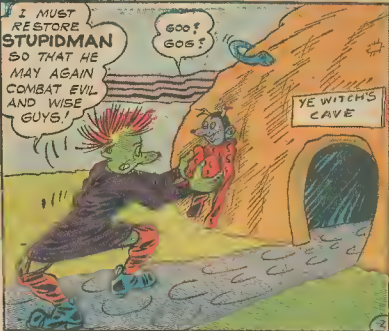
OH DEAR,
SOMETHING
MUST BE
DONE!

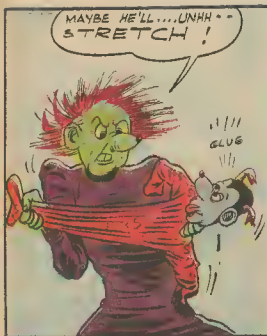


I MUST
RESTORE
STUPIDMAN
SO THAT HE
MAY AGAIN
COMBAT EVIL
AND WISE
GUYS!

GOO?
GOG?

YE WITCH'S
CAVE





SUDDENLY...STUPIDMAN BEGINS TO GROW AND GROW AND GROW~~



AND THEN BECOMES
ONCE MORE
STUPIDMAN,
STERN ENEMY
OF EVIL!

BUT NOT ONE MOMENT TOO SOON FOR

HEH, HEH, MR. DISTRICT
ATTORNEY YOU ARE IN
MY CLUTCHES!

MAYOR O'GOONELL,
YOU FIEND, I
SHALL NOT BOW
TO YOU!

STEAM
ROOM

YOU
CROOK!

SUDDENLY A MIGHTY FORM HURTTLES FORWARD---IT IS--

STUPIDMAN

OH, STUPIDMAN, YOU
HAVE HELPED SAVE
OUR FAIR CITY--BUT
BEWARE OF
O'GOONELL!

NONSENSE!

EASY
THERE!
DON'T TEAR
THE SHIRT!

THEN ONE DAY
O'GOONELL SENT ME!
HE WANTS YOU TO
HELP HIM ON A FOOD
INVESTIGATION!

SO HE
GAVE IN, EH!
HEH, HEH!

THERE GOES
STUPIDMAN TO
SEE MAYOR
O'GOONELL!
HE'D BETTER
WATCH OUT!

AND
LOOK AT
THE CAPE
ON HIM!
SUCH
VANITY!

AND
GLOVES,
TOO!

MAYOR O'GOONELL,
I AM HERE TO
BE OF PUBLIC
SERVICE!

GOOD!
I HAVE
JUST THE
JOB FOR YOU!

BUT, IT SAYS I'M TO
FIND OUT IF THERE IS
ANYTHING DEADER THAN
MACKEREL!

SAY!
I CAME
TO HELP!
WHO CARES
HOW DEAD
A MACKEREL
IS?

I DO!
EVERYBODY
GOES AROUND
SAYING THIS
AND THAT
IS DEADER
THAN A
MACKEREL?

HERE! DID YOU
EVER SEE ANYTHING
DEADER THAN A
MACKEREL?



'SEE HERE,
O'GOONELL,
YOU CANNOT
SIDE-TRACK
STUPIDMAN!

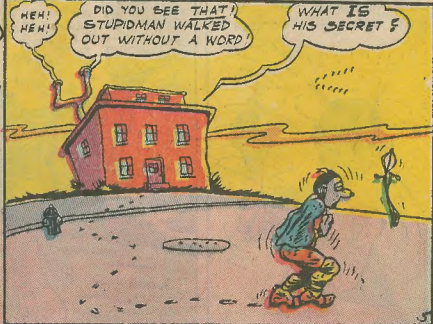
I AM HERE
TO AID THE
PEOPLE!

OH YEAH?
LISTEN, BUD...
I'LL TELL
YOUR
SECRET!

HEH!
HEH!

DID YOU SEE THAT?
STUPIDMAN WALKED
OUT WITHOUT A WORD!

WHAT IS
HIS SECRET?



WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE...

COME OUT
STUPIDMAN
WE DEMAND
TO KNOW
YOUR SECRET

IS A CRIMINAL

WHAT IS IT?

HERE IS
THE LATEST
PAPER!

IT
SAYS--

OH
GOSH!

O'DOONELL
DAILY TALLY
STUPIDMAN
SECRET
BARED

STUPIDMAN AT AGE OF 2

STUPIDMAN
HAS A
TAIL

OH MY AUNT -- MY
EYES -- I'M GOING -- GO!

OH MY!
I THOUGHT
I SAW A
BATTLESHIP
IN THE
STREET!

YOU
DID!

I WHAT?

YES,
STUPIDMAN!
AND I HAVE
COME TO
HELP YOU!

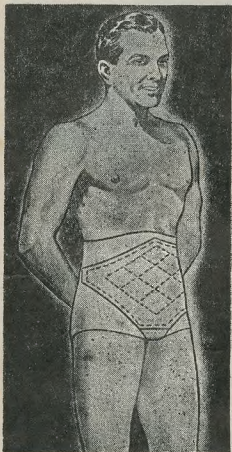
HOLY SMOKE, DID YOU
SEE THAT? WHO IS
THIS STRANGE AND
MYSTERIOUS PERSON?
CAN HE HELP
STUPIDMAN?

THOUSANDS of MEN NOW

Appear **SLIMMER** Feel **BETTER** Look **YOUNGER**

with **Commander**

The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter



**MAKE THIS TEST →
WITH YOUR OWN HANDS
AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN**

Commander Wearers all over America Say—

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. S.

Standish, Mich.

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. O. C. S.
St. Charles, Ill.

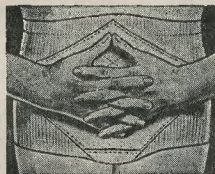
"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feel-

ing. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning. It closed is my check for another."

C. A. M.
St. Paul, Minn.

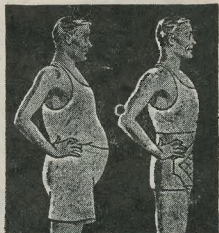
"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

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